A PANEGYRICK TO HIS HIGHNESS THE DUKE of YORK, ON HIS SEA-FIGHT WITH THE DUTCH

June 3^d 1665.

By the Honourable

EDWARD HOWARD.

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A PANEGYRICK

To his Highneſs

The Duke of York,

ON

His Sea-fight with the *Dutch*, *June* 3. 1665.

ILLuſtrious Prince, while your great Deeds outdoe,
All that the Muſe can fain, or World knows true,
Your Panygerick, muſt be ſuch a Theam,
As makes Fame, Poet, and Truth ſeem a Dream.
What age had ſuch a Chief? that Sea and Land
Rivals in Glories, from your brave Command,
While Earth, that wonder'd at your Worth before,
Fears, that your Proweſs, gives the Sea now more;
Had any Blood but yours, or Princes Name,
Spred through the Univerſe, ſo bright a Fame,
Our happy boaſt, muſt then have turn'd to be
A glorious dread of ſuch a Gallantry.
And beaten *Dutch*, whoſe yielding Valours find
Your Royal Conduct, Victory inclin'd,
Might then their drowſie hopes revive again,
And ſlight our fury on the angry Main.

But

But while they ſee, that you there challenge Fate,
To fight, muſt make 'em more unfortunate.
Lepanto, now no more ſhall Sea-fights boaſt,
Though ſo much *Othoman* glory, there was loſt;
Or tell what *Donne* of *Auſtria* then atchiev'd,
Or brave *Villerio*, for fam'd *Venice* did,
Since in your Deeds we Empires ſo outdo,
As Princes ne'er can hope to Rival you,
Or State ſo bold, to ſend a Fleet to Sea,
To dare your Conduct ſuch another day;
Who from your ſteady Vertue dread to meet,
Power more reſiſtleſs than your Conquering Fleet.
How then ſhall vanquiſh'd *Dutch* e're hope to ſhow
Valour enough for a more Signal blow?
While your High Proweſs, proves it is their Doom,
Not to attempt enough, to be o'recome;
Will not Heroick *Spain* repine to ſee,
You on their Rebels get this victory?
When all its Power, and *Indian* Treaſure too,
Could ſcarce a Ship, much leſs their Fleet ſubdue:
As this great Monarchs Scepter on the Main,
Sunk, to reduce his Rebels Power again,
And late with pity, we beheld our Coaſt,
A Witneſs of his Navies glory loſt:
How was our former *Charles* provok'd to ſee
That rough Conteſt in his Sovereignty!
Whoſe Name and Rule, like great *Auguſtus* days,
Taught the World Meekneſs, and gave Calms to Seas;
Yet on the Main permitted theſe to fight,
To leave our King the glory of his Might;
Which from your Conqueſt, unconfin'd extends,
And Seas makes Empires, where the World has ends.

That

That hence aſpiring *Spain* in ours muſt ſee
More than an Univerſal Monarchy,
And beg a Conduct from Great *CHARLES* and You,
To uſe that world, his Arms did firſt ſubdue;
Though now oblig'd by Heaven to confeſs,
His mighty Rebels tam'd from Your Succeſs,
Leaving their Crimes, too powerful for his Throne,
To meet a Fate from Heaven and You alone:
Thus while Your Glories rumor at this rate,
Your Conqueſt proves, Divinity has Fate,
Since we from it have more than cauſe to bleſs
Heaven for our Loſs as well as Your Succeſs;
A Loſs ſo ſmall, as Victory ne're knew
Such great Atchievements, and Death win ſo few,
Though ſent from Cannons mouths to force its way,
Trembled to act the Furies of this day,
While it oppos'd our Cauſe, and Your Defence,
Both ſo obliging, of Omnipotence:
But as ſome ſtately Oak, that Heaven deſigns
To check the rudeneſs of impetuous windes,
Ventures his growth and glory to beſtow
Safety and grace on humbler Trees below,
So did Your Virtues in this furious day,
The wonder of our Loves, themſelves diſplay,
While all the force of theſe our *Belgick* Foes
Does leſs Your Fleet than Your own Ship oppoſe;
Like Pirates, that for one rich Veſſels Prize
Venture their own to ſink its Sacrifice;
Thus having ſwell'd their Sails, their Guns did ply,
Whoſe noiſe like Thunder ſeem'd to wound the Sky,
While Yours with louder Fury theſe repreſs,
And dumb their Cannons, threatning their Succeſs:

And so the Lion, which disdains Contests
When menac'd with Assaults of vulgar Beasts,
First awes 'em with his Voice, but if such dare
Contemn his Rule, and proudly bid him fear,
Then by the Wounds he gives they prove his Might,
And find it was their Crime to dare his Fight:
And thus did you contend while these assail;
But Fortune somthing will for them prevail;
She that with Virtue still maintains debate,
And with its brave Atchievments scatters Fate,
Acts now a part above her sin and pride,
Else how could Cannons kill so neer Your Side,
Or snatch such Worthies by a fatal blow,
Protected by Your Love and Conduct too?
Ah, wretched *Dutch*, to be oblig'd by Fate,
Which on their ruine it must expiate,
And Elements oppos'd, at once conspire,
That *Opdam* sinks, and yet consumes with Fire.
No Bullet from Your Guns but finds a way
To Naval Glory, and each gets his day;
This sinks a Ship, and this bids th' other fly,
While waves assault their wounds that stay to die.
Thus for Your sake the angry Main devours,
And *Neptune* with Your Prowess joins his Powers:
Some swim to Rocks, and there lament their State,
Whose greedy Pride they now deplore to late;
Others on limbs of Vessels steer alone,
And to the mercileſs Sea as hapleſs mone,
Repining, since that perish now they must,
They can't, like other Mortals turn to dust,
But in this liquid Element consume,
Where Nature ne're intended Grave or Tomb.

While You theſe Shipwrack'd Enemies ſurvey,
As brave in pity, as you won the day;
Wiſhing their Valours had their Lives repriev'd,
Or by Your Mercy, more o're-come, had liv'd.
And now the watry Hoſt that glide the Main,
Begin to fight, which ſhall devour the ſlain,
Fiſh againſt Fiſh in fierce Battalions meet,
And pour out waves, like Thunder from Your Fleet;
Vaſt Whales draw up their monſtrous Bodies here,
There ſlimy Monſters, yet unknown, appear,
Inflam'd, in this cold Element, to ſtrive
Which on the dead ſhall now moſt mighty live:
Some Sholes of Men in their vaſt Bodies pour,
And waves enough to ſtore new Seas devour,
Mingled with blood, food to their thirſtful rage,
Which others with revengeful draughts aſſwage,
And theſe through vaſter jaws thus ſwell'd convey,
That Fiſh die drown'd, as well as Men, that day:
What were your Crimes, *O Dutch*, provok'd a Foe
So Great and Good as is our King, and You,
Whoſe Influence can Winds and Seas aſſwage,
And but incens'd, commands the Oceans rage?
Thus having fatally now prov'd their Might,
Heaven they implore for winds to ſpeed their flight;
But they ſo gently breath'd, as *Dutch* muſt ſay,
The Air was pleas'd to ſee You win this day:
And next their utmoſt toils and arts they try,
To ſteer a flight, but fear to fight, and fly,
Wiſhing that Courage and fam'd *Parthian* skill,
As *Romans* prov'd, could them purſuing kill;
While they to obſcure Shores direct their courſe,
Like routed Armies that muſt hide their force;

Some ſink on Sands, or Rocky dangers meet,
To 'ſcape the greater Terrour of your Fleet,
Which now in glorious triumph, you ſurvey,
Acting both Prince, and Pilot, this rough day;
So great *Enæas*, as Fame, and *Maro* tell,
Could guide his courſe, though *Pallinurus* fell.
Each Militant, with beams of Grace you know,
And had your *Craſtinus*, like *Cæſar* too;
But far more fam'd, ſince your ſucceſs began,
As Princely *Rupert*, fought, and led the Van.
A Name ſo glorious, as Fate muſt confeſs,
He ſtill grew greater, while ſhe meant him leſs:
And in our Crowns defence, ſtill acted ſo,
As boldeſt Rebels fear'd, unconquer'd too;
Thinking their guilt, could ne're ſupported be,
Unleſs his Death had been, their Victory,
Whoſe vertues even tranſcend their former Claim,
Since now in his, he ſhares, your valours Fame.
And thus our matchleſs Monarch did compleat,
All brave attempts, his Cauſe and Crown ſpeaks Great,
While Fate unconquer'd, he or'ecame diſpair,
And taught bold Fortune, from himſelf to fear;
How will his Crown, in glory, hence encreaſe,
That through the Main gives Subjects Trade and Peace,
Which as his Empire o're the world does raiſe,
So Crowns your Prowes with eternal Praiſe.

FINIS.

LICENSED,

April 25. 1668. *Roger L'eſtrange.*